

The Magical Tale of an American Witch

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Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Adventure, Fantasy

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-02-12 01:42:43

Updated: 2013-02-16 05:32:44

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:31:43

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,041

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Katherine Morgan, an unusual 18 year old, works her way into the wizarding world with a little insider's know-how. Now she is set on learning about the magical creatures in and around Hogwarts. But can a muggle with magical sight and no powers enter Hogwarts? Rated M for potential future romance and fighting scenes.

1. Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Squibs and Dragons

Hi there! My name is Katherine Morgan and I'm an American witch. It's actually an odd story. You know those Harry Potter books that are so popular? Well they're my FAVORITE series and I had always wished I could be a witch in that world. Unfortunately, my 11th birthday came and went with no letter from any wizarding schools. I was a muggle through and through.

But I knew there was something different about me. I could change my hair color at will even though it took longer than most metamorphmagi to do it. There were other random things that were just odd about me too. For one thing, I could see things that other muggles couldn't. In the US we have our own magical creatures, some were brought over with the first settlers and others are native to these lands. Flower fairies are pretty common and I've seen them all over. Forest creatures are all over the place and hippogriffs with eagles heads and buffalo bodies are also indigenous. We have our own dragons too, mostly small forest dwelling ones, but there are some wicked desert dwellers so I've heard. Oh! And the Plains dragons are particularly mischievous. There are also centaurs here although they are dwindling drastically in numbers. I've never met them, but I've heard they get mistaken for horseback riders a lot which is good for them.

As you can see I know quite a lot about mythical creatures. I've also read up quite a bit about the European mythical creatures and I really want to study them in person. So far as I know the place to

find the widest range of creatures is in the Forbidden forest at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. But I can't go there thanks to my almost total muggleness. It really sucked, until I found a way to get in contact with the Headmaster. It took a long time to gather enough information from hearsay, but I FINALLY was able to track down the American Association for Magic's headquarters. Once in I was able to get a map to Rumon Mall and rent a post owl. For simplicity's sake most magical countries use Galleons, sickles, and knuts. In America we use Bars, roukes (pronounced rooks), and xypers (pronounced zippers). Just cause we can. And to annoy everyone else. It's a pain. But that's beside the point. I converted some of my muggle money to American wizarding currency and sent a letter via owl post to the Headmaster of Hogwarts explaining my situation and my request.

So far I've been able to pass myself off as a squib around town, but I have to be careful. An 18 year old without a wand roaming around the magical world is a little odd. But the fact that I'm there kind of tips people off that I know about them and then they don't bother me. Already having a cloak is helpful. But there are a lot of things in the US that I don't know about and that are different than in Britain, which makes for some awkward situations sometimes but I've been managing.

Since I live on my own I decided to get a pet that could deliver mail. The coolest thing about America, I think, is the variety of animals that can be trained to deliver mail. My favorites are the dragons. Because of the lack of unoccupied land in America, there are a lot of smaller breeds of dragons that are terribly clever. My favorite is the Northern woodland breed. They have softer scales and skin as well as are more likely to have fur to combat the cold. They're very friendly and companionable seeing as they use each other to stay warm in the winter. Because of how common they are people started befriending them and training them to deliver messages. This was the pet I wanted.

It took the rest of the money I had converted to wizard cash but it was worth it. I got a beautiful male northern forest dragon. He had soft, leathery, brown skin with green fur and ice blue eyes freakishly like mine. He changes color too! In the winter the tips of his nose, ears, toes, tail, and wings turn white. I named him Kiefer Teas, which means Pine warmth in German and Irish respectively. I have German and Irish heritage and I love the languages. Most people who get northern dragons name them with Norse names. I prefer the German and Irish languages. So I now am the proud owner of a male northern forest dragon named Keifer, but I think I'll nickname him Kei (rhyming with pie). He loves snuggling. He also likes perching on my shoulder so I often walk with him on my shoulder around town. The interesting thing is, because of their natural camouflaging abilities, wizards found they could easily enchant them to be able to shift shape and color at will so I can bring him with me out and about in the muggle world. Magical folk found out pretty fast that dragons, especially the more mischievous breeds, didn't like being cooped up like owls. This was the solution and a cool one it at that. Each dragon can transform into a different breed of dog. They tend to be fairly inconspicuous. Mine is a smaller Bernese mountain dog.

I know I've kind of gone on a bit of a tangent but bear with me for one more moment. I did say I loved magical creatures and I know a lot about them. I have confession though. I spent a little extra money on

Kei because he was a little more unique. He can size shift meaning that he can be as small as a newt or as large as a draft horse. This means that I can fly places on him should I need to, negating the necessity of a broom. He's my transportation to Britain. There are so many reasons to have this little guy but the main one is companionship. He's excellent company.

On with my story! I exchanged a little more muggle money for wizard cash for my post and in case then went home to my apartment. Thankfully pets were allowed in my apartment so I didn't have to worry about Kei causing a scene. I signed the necessary documentation that allowed him to stay in my room and led him up the stairs with his leash. Thankfully dragons eat just about anything so I could feed him whatever I had in stock for now until I could get to the store to buy him some actual dragon chow (handily disguised as dog food). I wanted him to be as healthy as possible. We both settled down on my comfy old couch for a good How to Train Your Dragon movie night with some soda and m&ms. Lets just say dragon burps are way cool. Just imagine multicolored bubbles that spark and whiz.

That night I decided I'd go back to Rumon Mall and figure out dragon supplies. I had bought a book when I purchased him with basic dragon know how, but I wanted to know a little more about the specific species and to be quite honest I was interested in being a breeder. Life was going to be very interesting from here on out.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2:

So Kei and I went back to the magical pet store where I bought him. I want to take a minute though to describe the place because it was remarkable. The sign on the well-worn sign above the shop says Called by Name in large, golden, biblical letters. When you walk in you are struck by the smell. It isn't rancid like other shops. It's a clean, outdoor smell. Grass and snow and crunching leaves and tropical sand smells waft across your senses only minutely different from the real thing in that the creatures' smells intermingle pleasantly with them. The store itself is bright from the sunroofs that were scattered across the room. Leafy and flowery plants hang from ceiling and create a pleasant dappled lighting on the floor. Animal noises are muffled by the trees that appear to be growing out of the floor (they are cause it's a freakin' magical pet store) in the front section of the store. Here it's cool and calm. If you walk around the whole store you notice that there are a bunch of different biomes to accommodate the different natural habitats of the creatures that live in the store. I saw desert, mountain, forest, ocean, volcano (non erupting of course), tundra, and jungle just from a cursory glance around. Kei was somewhere in the forest and tundra overlap zone. The smells and sounds vary from region to region of course but none are unpleasant or too powerful.

The owner, Mochoamog is this little, wizened, Irishman who totters around and loves the animals in his shop like children. Everyone just calls him Mog though. The only things he uses his wand for are to pick up inanimate objects if they're on a high shelf or for lifting heavier things. Other than that he prefers to pick up the animals by hand (or glove in the case of some of the more fiery tempered creatures). He says it promotes a sense of trust and loyalty. I

believe him. He has all kinds of magical creatures and no matter how dangerous or mean they're thought to be, they all cuddle up to him in their unique ways and seek his affection. He is never unwilling to give attention where it's desired or due. This can also be said for his rather imposing assistant. He's about 6' 10" tall and looks distinctly Russian. His name is Antony and he doesn't talk. He seems to have a way with the creatures just as Mog does. He's (as far as I can tell) a squib. He doesn't seem to have a wand nor does he seem to need one. He is much of the muscle behind the shop and helps Mog whenever he calls him. I think there's a very good story behind their relationship but I didn't feel comfortable asking about it.

One of the main reasons I chose Mog's shop to purchase Kei was that Mog specialized in dragons. I had heard some witches discussing him at an ice-cream store some few days ago and the extensive work he's done with the American breeds of dragon. Apparently he's traveled all over the northern and southern Americas studying and interacting with the native species in the wild. His own dragon, Adanara, is a homely looking dragon found in the deserts of Arizona. Her scales are hard and maintain a solid, dusty tan coloring that helped camouflage her when she lived there. Her wings are crinkled and dry looking but seem to be functional. Her eyes are bright yellow with round pupils that can contract to a very minute diameter to protect her eyes from the sun. Apparently when she's angry she can also change their shape to cat-like slits. I only know that because Mog warned me to back away from her should this occur. She's about as big as an average cat and either sits on Mog's shoulder or walks behind him. She's rather like his wife. He told me that she scolds him in her dragon way if he works late and doesn't eat dinner on time. Mog, Antony, and Adanara make an adorable little family and they work wonders in their store.

After that long tangent, I will now get back to my actual second visit to Called by Name. Kei and I went in there with him perched attentively on my shoulder. He was extremely alert his morning and seemed as keen as I was to learn more about himself. That was one other question I had for Mog. Could dragons learn and understand things like humans? If so, why? Just as that thought entered my mind I opened the door to the store and Mog looked up from the cat he was grooming. "Ah, good morning Miss Morgan and Companion Kei. How can I help you today?"

End
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